

sister's fantastic guest. He wore, she said, 'a black velvet coat lined with satin, purple trousers with a gold hand running down the outside seam, a scarlet waistcoat, long lace ruffles, falling down to the tips of his fingers, white gloves with several brilliant rings outside them, and long black ringlets rippling down upon his shoulders.'\* Lady Dufferin protested that there was not the slightest exaggeration in this picture ; but we may at least suspect or hope that time had not deprived it of any of its colour. It may have been to the same occasion that she referred in a well-known anecdote.

He was once dining with my insufferable brother-in-law, Mr. Norton, when the host begged him to drink a particular kind of wine, saying he had never tasted anything so good before. Disraeli agreed that the wine was very good. 'Well,' said Norton, 'I have got wine twenty times as good in my cellar.' 'No doubt, no doubt,' said Disraeli, looking round the table; 'but, my dear fellow, this is quite good enough for such *canaille* as you have got to-day/

*To Sarah Disraeli.*

*April*  
25, 1833.

I have done nothing but go to the play lately, one night with Mrs. Norton to see Sheridan Knowles's new play, which was successful. Public amusements are tedious, but in a private box with, a fair companion less so.

*May 22.*

There was a review in Hyde Park, and the Wyndham. Lewis gave a *dtjeuner*, to which I went. By the bye, would you like Lady Z- for a sister-in-law, very clever, £25,000 and domestic? As for 'love,' all my friends who married for love and beauty either beat their wives or live apart from <sup>TM</sup>? <sup>TM</sup> - . TMs is literally the case. I may commit many lollies in life, but I never intend to marry for 'love/ which I am sure is a guarantee of infelicity.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Motley's *Correspondence*, I., p. 264. <sup>2</sup> *Letters*, p. 82.